

The Woman Thrown on Her Own Resources.

By Mrs. Bessie Hooker

What a woman "Brought Up to Do Nothing" May Accomplish—Burying One's Personality—"Sentiment a Forgotten Art" in New York—The Work of Dressing and Studying Women—Members of the Leisure Class Should Not "Play at Work."

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(Mrs. Bessie Stewart-Hooker, daughter of Senator Stewart of Nevada, is a fine example of what is possible of accomplishment to a woman brought up in wealth and luxury when by the turn of fortune's wheel it becomes necessary for her to enter the list of bread winners. For some years previous to undertaking her present line of work, that of importer and buyer of women's gowns and lingerie, she conducted a chicken farm on a portion of her father's cattle ranch in "Virginia." Many of her present patrons are the women of the millionaire set, her old-time friends in society, when Castle Stewart in Washington was the center of brilliant and lavish entertaining. But on this factor she has not reckoned for success, having joined the world's workers from the common-sense business point of view.)

This subject is a different one to write about, since by many persons it is viewed in many changeable lights. My point of view is that of a woman who, having never been in trade and knowing absolutely nothing relating thereto, suddenly finds herself obliged to earn her own living.

When one considers the matter, it seems at first as if there was absolutely nothing that could be undertaken by a woman educated and brought up to do nothing. Take my own case, which, I think, the only one I really understand. It required a long time and many experiments for me to realize what I was really capable of. Having done so, the next thing in order was to bury my own personality, to think of nothing but my work and ultimate success. I was not to spare myself in any manner. I was to have one object and to make all aims and ambitions, every energy and power of the mind center in that one thing. There was nothing I did not study and sometime try, from running a stock farm in Virginia to writing plays that were never accepted. To undertake to write of the number of things I studied would take too long. At last I found that of which I was really capable. It was the task of conducting a place where women could find almost everything which in the world at large "women's dress is always interesting."

Business in New York is different from business in any other place. First there is more money to be made there, as all the world goes to New York. But there are thousands to compete with—thousands who know what business means—thousands who understand business in all its phases. Sentiment is a forgotten art. You are obliged to stand by yourself, to have and bring forth new ideas and new things quicker than your neighbor. For the buyers see only what you have to offer them, not who or what you are. They care nothing for your ancestors, they want their money's worth, and if you fail to give it to them they go elsewhere.

If a woman who has always had everything she desired, who has been petted and made much of, who has seen society from all its different points, money and youth could give her, can simply forget herself; if she is willing to be patient and interested in all those who come to her and is not afraid of work, that woman will succeed.

It is a hard lesson, but one that can be learned if one is determined and has only one object in view—"to be a success no matter what obstacles present themselves."

When you have attained that you feel triumphant through and through, and when you look back at the dark hours they seem almost brilliant, for you know they have helped you and given you energy—made you more determined.

It is a wonderful feeling to know that you are independent of the world and that you owe it nothing. What you have accomplished is due solely to your own intelligent efforts. I mean those who enter into enterprises of their own and are not working on salaries. That is, of course, quite another thing.

In New York there is a field for every one, but in order to win one must be, or strive to be, better than the rest. It is like a stimulant and inspires one to do well. The competition here is something undreamed of elsewhere. Thousands of men and

TO BREAK INTO SOCIETY.

One Must Be Able to Contribute to the General Gayety.

Some one has said that to get into London society you must feed people, amuse people and shock people. In New York, according to Good House-keeping, you must at least attract their attention.

Having once attracted their attention you must make it evident, if you are an outsider, that you have something to bring; Beauty, if it is conspicuous enough; brains, if they are coiled into the small change of social intercourse; money, if you know how to use it.

It is not enough to be well born, well bred, well off, well dressed, well educated. Not a block of the residential parts of New York but is filled with people who are all of these.

There is another requirement in order to be desirable socially, namely, to have something to contribute to the general gayety. Men have grasped this fact in business. A man does not go and ask another for a

women are in the same line as yourself and they, for the most part, having done nothing else since they were born, understand work in all its branches. The line that I have taken up is interesting to me, for I had known what is beautiful work and once I enter the doors of my workshop I am oblivious to all else but my work, "dressing and studying women."

I shall always remember the first time I saw a woman pass with some of the things on that I had made for her. It seemed so unreal that I was almost on the verge of tears, but soon all sentimental feeling passed and I was very glad to see many of my things worn—the more the better.

Women's wearing apparel is always interesting, for one has to combine colors, make models, handle beautiful fabrics from all over the world, and this is extremely attractive to the feminine mind. When you have succeeded in making a lovely woman with a bad figure look less plain, or a pretty woman blossom into greater beauty there is a positive excitement in the experience. I believe nobody really works well who is not obliged to. If one is not always followed by that fearful monster, necessity, I do not think one does as well. But when one realizes that it is imperative not to be lazy, that each day counts, and that if there is failure in that day's duty one will suffer later on, the thought spurs one to more energetic action, and the start is bravely made in forgetfulness of storm or cold.

If a woman is obliged to work New York is her best sphere of action and she should give herself entirely up to the undertaking if she wishes to accomplish anything. But if she can take life easily then let her do so in every sense of the word, for she will then find it her duty to make herself charming to those near and dear, bringing comfort and happiness into her surroundings and letting the hardships of labor be borne by those who, obliged to work, will not thus be unduly shouldered out of the field. To be sheltered and protected from the ungracious side of life is woman's greatest blessing where this is possible of accomplishment.

To women seeking employment in New York I will say that there is a large field for all and if circumstances make it imperative that work be done every energy should be brought to bear on whatever is undertaken. With determination to conquer all obstacles, success will surely be won. Do not enter into any line of work to pursue it as a fad or simply for something to do. The world is full of those to whom work is a necessity and they should not be forced to the wall by members of the leisure class playing at work. Whatever the undertaking, whether in New York or elsewhere, enter upon it with earnestness and untiring zeal. To the woman who does this, no matter what her bringing up or her previous status in the world, there is inevitably before her the great and beautiful word—success.

Easy Road to Miner's Heart.

"The mining camp child usually develops into the greatest beggar as a class that child life ever sees," said H. D. Smith, of Milwaukee. "I have never been in a mining camp yet where there were children that one of them did not stop me every now and then and ask for some money or a piece of ore. Their plaintive wails are to be heard on all sides.

"A story is told of a little girl in Dawson who made it her custom to ask every miner she saw for a nugget. She was a cute little thing, and her request was nearly always acceded to. After a while she had \$3,000 worth of nuggets collected in this fashion. As a rule, the miner is a generous fellow, particularly in a gold camp where the inhabitants have prospered and where most of the men have claims of their own. Nearly all of them carry loose gold around in their pockets and think nothing of giving little chunks of it away.

"In camps where they are not thus supplied with gold they usually are free with their money and the begging child is tossed anything from a nickel to a dollar."—Duluth Herald.

The Corners of the Home.

Few women realize the decorative possibilities of corners. The result is that even in pretty and artistic rooms the corners are too often left bare, the walls being allowed to meet in hard straight lines and nothing to break the monotony.

In a small room it is not advisable to fill up or cut off these corners by putting large pieces of furniture diagonally across them, for this simply diminishes the apparent size of the room. It will be found that hanging furniture will fill the need admirably, for a small cabinet or bookshelf can be readily suspended, and by its very construction serve to break the awkwardness of the corner in a very satisfactory manner.

Of course when it comes to hanging heavier pieces of furniture, the picture molding is found inadequate, so screw-eyes, or ring bolts, are fastened to the floor beams above.

Job on the ground that there is nothing against him. But women seem to feel that an absence of any disqualification should set them in society at once.

Through Long Use.

"Ask any sea captain of long standing," remarks a veteran skipper, "and he will tell you that long use of the telescope, the quadrant, and other instruments for making calculations at sea, has the effect of drawing the sight from the left eye into the one which peers so eagerly and often through the instruments.

"This peculiarity of vision is common to all skippers and other ships' officers who have had very long experience on the sea. I can discern objects at an enormous distance with my right eye, but am scarcely able to read with my left. The tendency of Nature to adjust itself to conditions is heightened in this case by the bright glare from the waters, which makes the strain on the eye especially trying.

Ignorance of the law excuses no one, not even a lawyer.

HOME-TRADE CLUBS

They Should Be Organized and Active in Every Community.

PATRONIZE HOME MERCHANTS

The Great Danger to Local Interests That Are Found in the Mail-Order Systems—Educate the Public.

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Why should we trade at home? Why should we consider home in any way more than any other place unless it pays us financially? First, because it is our home. The pride we should take in the prosperity of our home town and our neighbors should be sufficient inducement to give them the preference. Second, because beyond all doubt or question, it pays from a money point.

The greatest menace to the country merchant to-day is the mail order business, and with the decline of the country merchant comes inevitable loss to the citizens of both town and country. What at first was considered a great convenience and an exhibition of commendable enterprise has grown to be one of the crying commercial evils. The success of the mail order house is the result of constant, extensive and intelligent advertising. It is not by persistent swindling, as some tell us, for no business was ever built up in that way. The home merchant can do no better than to adopt the same method, the judicious use of printer's ink.

While the merchants are the heaviest immediate losers, and could do

they cannot consistently ask others to trade with them when they do not patronize their brothers in trade. The editors should patronize home, and even at considerable personal sacrifice refuse foreign advertising for lines of goods in competition with the home merchant. The editor deserves more credit than he receives. Many a well-to-do farmer or city man would think himself perfectly justified in sending away for all his groceries and clothing if he thought he could save ten dollars thereby on a year's purchases, but most editors forget many times that much every year by refusing advertising from distant firms in the same lines of business as his home merchants; and sometimes the home merchant even then declines to advertise.

Trade-at-home clubs might be organized, with mottoes something like "Club," or "I Patronize the Home Merchants," or "I Buy Nothing from Mail Order Houses," for members to display. The acceptance and displaying of such a card might constitute a personal member.

Much of the trading away from home is due to thoughtlessness and ignorance of business principles. Many persons consider only the first cost; if they save 25 cents on a ten-dollar order by buying from a mail order house they consider that clear gain. They should be shown that a merchant and his family living in their midst, keeps up a house, pays taxes, adds to the social features, contributes generously towards public enterprises, etc. If by buying at home their town gives support to several more local merchants, creating a better home market, they get back a liberal percentage. Every man and woman takes more or less pride in local affairs and is willing to contribute something toward home improvement, if the matter is fairly pre-



Are you operating the tread mill to pour the wealth of your community into the bottomless hoppers of the mail-order house? Are you driving your local merchants out of business? If you are you are killing your town and your own interests.

much toward checking and correcting this growing evil, by liberal advertising and publishing prices, they should not be expected to do it all. Every newspaper should preach home trade, every teacher should instill it into his pupils in the school room, every minister should preach it from the pulpit. The debating societies and political conventions should discuss it. Their interests of town and country and newspaper and church, and society generally, are so interwoven and so identical that whatever injures one will eventually injure all. When the merchants are compelled to bring on smaller stocks, and employ less help, and pay cheaper rent, they are not alone the sufferers; the whole community feels the loss. The price of real estate is largely dependent on its proximity to a good town. Rents are dependent on the amount of business. The merchant can move to some other town and establish himself again more readily than can the professional man and many others who have built up business through years of acquaintance and establishment of character. If the farmer, or property owner in town, want to sell out they are the greatest sufferers—they can't move their property to some place where people are booming their town and country by patronizing home.

The remedy lies in education and publicity. In many places that education will come through bitter experience, but, in other communities, where they are quicker to detect the approaching evil, and heed more readily the warnings of the press and friends of home, they may correct the evil more readily.

Wealth and power are corrupting influences and the mail order houses are probably not sending out as honest goods as they once did. They have learned the tricks of imitation and substitution and how easy it is to deceive the public. But, if the mail order man is honest, and his methods of advertising legitimate in every way, his success is of no interest to us and will never benefit our community in the slightest degree. If cross should fall or sickness render us short of money we could not expect him to trust us for a dollar—we must always look to the home merchant for credit in times of adversity.

Who is to blame? The mail order house? Not in the least. We alone are to blame. The near-sighted merchant who has lost trade by not acquainting the community with what he has to sell and with the fact that people could obtain at home, where they could personally examine them and return them if defective in any way, goods at as low a price as any catalogue house can sell them, every man and woman is to blame who sends away for goods; and everyone who fails to raise his voice in favor of home-trade. The editor holds the most responsible position and should be the leader in this movement.

The remedy has been outlined in a general way. We will suggest the first steps. Let merchants buy at home—

ented. That is why I say the remedy lies in education.

Most mail order houses claim they are enabled to sell cheaper than country dealers because they buy in larger quantities and get especially low prices. This is often a base misstatement of facts; let me cite an instance: A stock man from eastern Washington was visiting in Kansas City. One morning, walking with his nephew, who was a clerk in a leading wholesale hardware house, he asked where Bland & Co.'s store was located. "Don't think I ever heard of it," replied the young man. "O, yes, I do remember the firm; they have no store, they have an office in (giving the name of the building), but I don't see how they can sell hardware as low as your home merchants, for while we sell them goods at less than retail price, we don't give them as low prices as regular dealers, because they buy in such small quantities, just as they get orders." The stockman was greatly surprised, he supposed he had been dealing with one of the largest firms in the city.

The mail order business has developed so slowly, and works so quietly that few persons realize the magnitude it has assumed nor to what extent it is now sapping the life-blood of many small cities and towns. Even now we hear the excuse given for sending away for goods, that the merchants carry such poor stocks. The wonder is that they carry any.

It is a fact that country merchants sell the same class of goods cheaper than the big city merchants, and there are good reasons for it—difference in rents, insurance, clerk hire, etc. The same is equally true as to the mail order house—it may save in rent and in several ways over the big merchants, but it pays more for advertising, packing and shipping, so that, for the same quality of goods, the home merchant can, and generally does, undersell the catalogue house. The latter makes selling goods a study and his advertising is carefully worded and weighed. He uses a few standard articles for bait, by selling them at cost, but he adds enough to the price of other articles, with which the public is not familiar, to make up the loss. Perhaps the country merchant could not duplicate the price on these articles while he would be perfectly willing to sell the whole bill ordered at the mail order house price.

Trapped.

"I'm sorry, but I can't pay that bill to-day. You see the butcher has just been here, and—"

"Yes," said the grocer, "I just met him, and he said you put him off because you had to pay me. Here's my bill."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Real Power.

A 17-year-old boy at Worcester, Mass., has a lung capacity of 300 cubic inches. When he grows up and goes to congress he will perhaps learn that it is not the orator but the speaker who affects the course of national legislation.

HURRY AND WORRY

THE TWO CHIEF CAUSES OF NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

Avoid These, Says a Leading Physician, and You May Live Out Your Allotted Days and Do Your Life's Work Well.

Dr. Thomas C. Ely, of Philadelphia, in an article on neurasthenia in the Journal of the American Medical Association, lays much stress on hurry and worry as leading causes of nervous exhaustion. He has this to say:

"Learn to hurry little and worry not at all. An illustration consists in the fatigue in the hurry to catch a train, which is out of all proportion to the physical effort expended. Individuals are too much like the modern telephone sign, 'always on duty.' For hurried and worried business or hurried and worried pleasure, hurry alone or worry alone are poisonous to the normal functions of the nerve system. But the American combination of worried hurry is deadly. Each brings into action the worst features of the other."

Of course every one who stops to think will agree with the author, but how few are able to follow his good advice? Worry is only the extra work, the increased wear and tear for which we are never paid. It always hinders but never wins. It means incapacity for anticipated efforts, and yet we constantly blame circumstances rather than our individual selves. The man who is always ready and takes time to be sure before he starts never does hurry or worry. How few can do this consistently! Then comes the breakdown which is so often charged to mere overwork. In 99 cases in a hundred it is the worry, always useless, that eventually weakens and kills.

The gloomy foreboding not only saps the energy of all valiant endeavor to conquer difficulties, but cheats us in the end by proving the old adage, that "the expected never happens." If we compare notes we can easily prove the comforting truth of the saying. If the disconsolate man who for years feared the death of his invalid wife could have known she would survive him for more than a quarter of a century how much unnecessary mental suffering would have been spared him!

The absolute utility of worry is the lesson of it all. The future, as a rule, is more often a surprise and delight than a disappointment and discipline. We grieve when we look ahead and smile when we look back. But with most people experience counts for nothing when new obstacles appear. It is the old story that the last difficulty will be insurmountable. But each in his turn soon learns that he cannot control events, disturb the relations of cause and effect or alter the immutable laws of destiny, no matter how strongly he may yearn to do so. The only reasonable way to adjust matters is to wait until the time comes for the solution of the dreaded problem.

Mostly, also, we lack the courage, patience, good judgment and preparedness to meet the issues as they arise. We waste thought, strain nerve and banish sleep in anticipation of that which never transpires. "Don't shoot until they come out" combines lots of sound wisdom with no end of good philosophy. We not only worry in advance of the thing, but after it is done. If we calmly planned our escape and tried our best what more could have been done?

A main difficulty is in striving to do too much and in overtaxing our capacities. The strong, steady, self-reliant man has no misgivings, but the weak one mistrusts every thing, himself included. He contrives against odds and worries and hurries, while others eat, sleep and are merry.

But this is going to be the way with the average nervous American. It was he, in fact, who invented neurasthenia. The disease has become a habit with him, and worry, hurry, restlessness and irritability are its leading features. He takes his business home with him, eats with it, sleeps with it, dreams with it. It is his shadow at the fire-side and table; it blurs all his pleasures, stands between him and his family, all because he must borrow trouble and mortgage happiness, health and life in the balance.

The Best Nervine.

To sleep out of doors for a month is better than a trip to Europe. In this climate one must have a roof, of course, but any piazza that is open to serve as a bedroom; and the gain in happiness is unbelievable. With an abundant supply of good air the sleep soon grows normal, deep and untroubled and refreshing, so that we open our eyes upon the world as gladly as a hunter or a pagan shepherd in the morning of the world. We grow anxious and flustered and hurried with distractions; the goblins of worry become an inseparable companion, and we groan in spirit that the universe is all awry, when in truth half a dozen deep breaths of clean air would lend a different complexion to life. Our anxieties are nearly all artificial, and are bred indoors, under the stifling oppression of walls and roofs and the maddening clangor of pavements, and a day in the open will often dispel them like a mist.—Bilas Carman, in American Craftsman.

Malapropos.

"I understand that the Rev. Mr. Goodings is considered to have very little tact."

"He hasn't any. Once he lost a call to a large church in Philadelphia. He was invited over there to preach, and roared out his text twice in a loud voice: 'Awake, thou that sleepest.'"

Not Such a Fool After All.

A theological student supposed to be deficient in judgment was asked by a professor in the course of a class examination:

"Fray, Mr. E., how would you discover a fool?"

"By the questions he would ask," was the rather stunning reply.

Slightly Sardonic.

"How did that university you founded turn out?"

"It is doing great work," answered Mr. Durst Stax. "It is devoting special attention toward economic studies in the hope of finding a way to prevent all the wealth and power from drifting into the hands of grasping barons like myself."

STATE NEWS HAPPENINGS

INHERITED A FORTUNE,

But the Wife He Deserted Eleven Years Ago Wants a Slice of It.

Bryan, O.—To become one of nine heirs of the William Swisher estate, valued at about \$75,000, and then be made defendant in a suit instituted by his wife for alleged damages amounting to \$11,963.13, is the lot of Joseph U. Swisher.

At the death of William Swisher the address of a son, Joseph U., was unknown. It was only this week that he was located in Missouri, after an absence of 11 years. The aged Swisher left no will, so Joseph became one of the heirs of the big estate. No sooner had Mrs. Mary Swisher, his deserted wife, heard of the death of her father-in-law than she made steps to get a part of the estate. She has just secured attachment papers on Joseph's inheritance to cover a claim of \$11,963.13, which, she charges in her petition, represents \$9,500 paid by her for the support of their family of two children and herself for 11 years, the balance, \$2,000, she charges, was paid by her on a note given by her husband to a brother, Samuel K. Swisher. The deserted wife lives at Lima, O.

SPINSTERS

Are at Home Wherever They Set Foot Declares Judge.

Bowling Green, O.—Bowling Green is likely to be known hereafter as "Gretna" Green. For years the custom was in Wood county to decline to issue licenses to couples if the woman in the case had any other home or had any place where she hung up her hat more often than in Wood county. As a result many "elopers" have been disappointed.

Probate Judge Lincoln has decided that single women have no home other than that place where they stay. He holds that they have no legal residence anywhere and that they therefore become residents of Bowling Green as soon as they set foot inside the town, and that they are residents as long as they remain here. Under this construction of the law anybody who has the required capital, provided they are old enough, can secure a license in Wood county.

THREW WATER ON FLAMES

Consuming His Mother, Then 3-Year-Old Boy Ran Half a Mile For Help.

Columbus, O.—While working at her home Mrs. Squire Campbell's dress caught fire from the kitchen stove. She was alone save for the presence of her three-year-old son Claud, and the flames had enveloped her before she discovered them.

The little boy seized a bucket of water and threw it on his mother, and with her aid he extinguished the fire, saving his mother's life. She was burned from heels to head, however, and her ultimate recovery is extremely doubtful.

The hands of the little son were severely burned, yet after he had extinguished the flames he ran to the home of a neighbor half a mile distant and procured assistance.

CRESTON'S MAYOR

Stepped Out of Freight's Path—and Was Killed by a "Shifter."

Wooster, O.—While returning in company with a laborer, through a blinding snowstorm, from his farm, W. B. Jordan, mayor of Creston, 15 miles north of here, was instantly killed by being struck by a shifter.

The two men stepped from one track to another to avoid a freight train and did not see the shifter. The laborer escaped. Jordan was wealthy, and leaves a wife and six children.

TWO SISTERS

Met Death When Railroad "Flyer" Hit Their Carriage.

Ravenna, O.—Mrs. W. J. Wilson, aged 32 years, of Rootstown, and her sister, Miss Nellie Shope, aged 20 years, of Charleston, O., were killed by the westbound Cleveland & Pittsburgh "flyer" at Steele's Crossing, near the city depot. The sisters were in a carriage, and evidently did not see the train until it was upon them.

DR. E. J. WILSON,

Who Attended Governor Pattison, Is Stricken With Appendicitis.

Columbus, O.—Dr. Edward J. Wilson, the physician who attended the late Gov. John M. Pattison during his brief stay in this city, was stricken with appendicitis. He was hurried to Grant hospital and an equally hurried operation was performed.

Will Improve Canals.—The state board of public works arranged for the advertisement of bids for about \$200,000 worth of improvements on the canals of the state. Of this amount about \$200,000 will be expended on the Miami and Erie canal.

The Morning After.

Stenboville, O.—In a dispute at the breakfast table between John Gebhardt and his son Charles the father was shot and killed. The elder Gebhardt took his son to task for drinking, and it is alleged the latter shot him.

Death Was Busy.

Columbus, O.—According to the statistics of the state railroad commission there were 71 fatalities on the steam roads in the last month, against two on the electric lines. Not a passenger was killed on the former, while one by electric lines was of that class.

Coasting Accident.

Mansfield, O.—Leona Calvert and Stella Ralston, two high school girls, were coasting, when the stealer lost control. The bob-sled was upset. Miss Calvert had a leg broken and Miss Ralston's knee was badly injured.

TO OPPOSE FORAKER

Congressman Campbell Being Secretly Groomed, 'Tis Said.

Bryan, O.—According to statements made by his intimate friends here, Congressman William W. Campbell, of Napoleon, O., is in the race for United States senator. This announcement will no doubt come as a surprise. The movement, it is said, is fathered by Dr. F. S. Demuth, of Cecil, who was elected to represent Paulding county in the state legislature last fall.

Mr. Demuth was in Bryan, and is said to have made the trip solely to confer with Cecil politicians regarding the movement. When asked whether the movement supporting Campbell for senator was sanctioned by the congressman, Demuth is said to have replied that Campbell stated he was in the hands of his friends. This movement was to be secret as long as possible.

Campbell was defeated for re-election by T. T. Ansberry, democrat, last fall.

REV. AMES POINDEXTER,

Well-Known Colored Educator, Is Stricken With Pneumonia.

Columbus, O.—Rev. James Poindexter, aged 87 years, probably as well known in negro circles of America as Booker T. Washington, on account of his efforts in behalf of his race, is suffering from an attack of pneumonia.

He was for 55 years pastor of the Second Baptist church of this city. He did much for the republican party, and has been a delegate upon numerous occasions to state conventions.

For years he was a trustee of the Ohio school for the blind, as well as a member of council and the board of education, and is at present a trustee of Wilberforce university.

RAIMENT FOR DEAD NEGRESS

Gorgeous, But Her Friends Forgot To Provide a Grave.

Toledo, O.—Decked out in gorgeous raiment, the body of Mattie Taylor, a young negress, who died recently at the infirmary, was buried in the potter's field.

Mattie had no relatives, but had a number of friends, who determined to do their best to her memory. They purchased a gorgeously trimmed silk robe and loaded the coffin with flowers. They also provided for a funeral service to be held at the infirmary. But no thought was given to the burial place, and the body was buried in an unmarked grave.

HEAVY LOSS

By an Early Morning Fire in Columbus—Has Many Branches.

Columbus, O.—Fire caused nearly a total loss to the Peoples Merchandise Co., a general installment house, which occupied a six-story brick building at Fourth and Gay streets.

The two upper stories were burned off, the third from the top was gutted, and stock on the lower floor ruined by water. The stock loss is \$25,000, and on the building \$30,000. Both were covered by insurance.

The company has branch stores in many Ohio cities, for which the Columbus store was the central supply house.

NEW TRIAL

Is Denied Lingafelter, Whose Last Resort Is the Supreme Court.

Newark, O.—James H. Lingafelter, convicted of forgery and sentenced to four years' imprisonment, will have to serve the sentence unless the supreme court of the state interferes in his behalf. The circuit court here affirmed the judgment of the common pleas court and denied the defendant a new trial.

Lingafelter's attorneys succeeded in getting a suspension of sentence for 20 days, pending the filing of a petition in error in the supreme court. Mrs. Lingafelter's case will not be decided until next spring.

ROCKEFELLER FAILED

To Obey the Cleveland Building Code and Get a Notice.

Cleveland, O.—Building inspectors here issued an order that an outside fire escape be placed on the skyscraper of John D. Rockefeller. The building code provides that there must be at least two means of egress from all buildings, and that where the elevators and stairways are side by side an additional means of escape must be provided. Rockefeller had not obeyed the law.

Roosevelt Wanted.

Columbus, O.—An effort is to be made through the congressional delegation from Ohio to use every effort to secure the attendance of President Theodore Roosevelt at the "home-coming" to be held during the state fair this fall.

Victim of First Wreck

Columbus Grove, O.—Engineer Griffith, of Lima, on the Lima-Toledo traction line, received fatal injuries by being caught between the tender and engine. This was the first wreck on this road.